SYNOISIS OF PRECEDING CHAP-TERS.

Billy Foster, reporter for the New York Evening Wire, was sent to a club to get an interview with Acton Clough, nephew of John B. Clough, a multi-millionaire financier. Acton Clough, a multi-minionaire financier. Acton Clough, who was an artist, had recently exhibited a strange and fantastically morbid painting called "The Snake" in a Fifth avenue gallery. Rumor said that the picture was based on a personal experience of the queer young artist. While on his way to the club Foster passed the mansion of old John B. Clough, and heard a woman scream with terror in the house. He rushed into the house, and there in the great library sat the multi-millionaire tied to a chair with rawhide ropes, and a dagger was buried to the hit in his heart. "The Snake" was opposite the dead man and was slashed into ribbons. Foster bribed a groom in the house for photographs of the murdered millionaire and others connected with the tragedy, and rushing to the nearest telephone reported the mystery to the Evening Wire office, which quickly printed the story and scored a great beat on all the other New York newspapers. Marcella Vincent, a beautiful young newspaper writer, was hesitating whether to marry Billy or his rival. Philip Hölbrook, a star reporter on the Evening Budget. When she saw Billy's great "beat" she was on the point of deciding in his favor. Acton Clough, who was an art-

favor. Foster magnanimously writes Marcella that he will not claim her on the "beat" he made as he believes the real "beat" will be in first printing the name of the murderer, se the race between the two reporters goes merrily on. Hearry Brewster, another nephew of the murdered millionaire, who had visited his uncle the fatal night and who disappeared, returns, and, in an interview, accuses Acton Clough. On his statement the latter is arrested. Foster is convinced that Acton is guilty and works along those lines. Holbrook takes the opposite side and attempts to prove Clough. winced that Acton is guilty and works along those lines. Holbrook takes the opposite side and attempts to prove Clough Innocent. A day or two later while Marcella is in the district attorney's office she picked up a knotted piece of string to do up a package. It came from the murdered man's house, and the officials gave her permission to take it. Finally Holbrook arranges for a personal interview with Acton Clough.

Clough tells him that Brewster is the guilty man, and olbrook, believing him, proceeds to prove it. He shadows Brewster for days, and with Bradley Sinclair, a friend, he discovers valuable information in a Broadway restaurant.

in a Broadway restaurant

CHAPTER V (Cont'd).

When he returned to the dining room he found Brewster and his companions with their heads close together over their cocktail glasses. The conversation ceased as he approached and placed their oysters before them. The ori-ental and his companion were languidtrifling with their roast. Sinclair motioned to Holbrook and ordered him to bring some dish or other. As he did so the reporter laid the note by Sin-

The explorer's eyebrows went up, but his face remained quite imperturbable and Phil again hastened rejoicingly to the kitchen. When he returned he received another order from Sinclair, and as he removed the explorer's empty plate, he saw a scrap Again he hurried to of paper in it the kitchen, where he read this note:

"Dear Boy: "I envy you your adventure. I'm eager to join you, Don't fail to see me norrow. What the Chinaman's visitor said, in Chinese, was roughly this: name on the folds of the snake was the name you thought. And the sphinx has revealed one of its riddles.' The Chinaman replied: 'The snake must speak again. I shall meet you at midnight in the secret shrine. If these queer sentences Go, now.' come into your adventure, my boy. I can tell you a thing or two about our friend the Chinaman. And look out

Holbrook's heart leaped. The name on the folds of the snake! By that must be meant the name of Henry Brewster! This Chinaman must be the alleged Chinese artist whose agent was investigating the picture of "The Snake" with the mi croscope. Evidently, he had discover-

But he did not seek the mystery of its technical composition. What interest had this Chinaman in the matter? And what was meant by other riddles of the sphinx? Evidently the riddle revealed was the will. And at midnight there was to be a meeting in the secret shrine! Darker and deeper grew the waters of this mystery. And Phil's mind thrilled with zest of the adventure

When he returned to the diningroom, Sinclair gave no slightest hint that his waiter was of any interest to him, and Phil played his part with care and attention. The Chinaman and his friend had finished their dinner and were now leisurely smoking cigattes and sipping coffee. Sinclair and his friends left the dining-room. Meanwhile. Brewster and his companion: were eating hastily and talking earnestly in undertones.

Philip, on the watch with strained attention, saw that both the Chinaman and his companion looked from time to time at Brewster and his companions with keen, scrutinizing eves By and by Brewster finished his dinner and paid his bill. Holbro bowed obsequiously over the half-dollar coin Brewster handed him mechanically as a tip, but smiled to himself as he pocketed the coin apart from his other money. He resolved to keep that coin-it would be a souvenir curious adventure,

He helped the men into their cloaks, for the Chinaman and his friend, who llowed the Brewster party to street. On his part Holbrook acted quickly. He slipped out to a side om, which had been placed at his disposal by Phillipi, and drew on a long light overcoat that completely concealed his waiter's dress,

Then he hastened to the street Brewster and his party were just Chinaman and his friend were entering a second automobile. Philip Holbrook, too, had an automobile in

"Tom," he said to the chauffeur "keep Brewster in sight.

The chauffeur-one often employed before by the reporter-nodded and slipped noiselessly along in the wake the Chinaman's car. Phil's car had a closed body, and for the next five minutes he occupied himself in so changing his garb that in quick order he had all the semblance of a man

The three automobiles were directed Fifth avenue, and went at an average rate of speed northward. Holbrook's chauffeur bent to the

open front of the tonneau. The Chink seems trying to draw

Page Eight

abreast of Brewster's car. Mr. Holbrook," he said. "All right, Tom. When he gets

near Brewster, turn on the juice and let us try to see what's going on," answered the reporter. Tom grinned.

"Right-o!" he said "Say Mr Holbrook, that's a dandy make-up you have. If you hadn't spoken I would never have known you. But say, if the Chink quits trailing Brewster, do you want me to follow him or Brew-

The reporter hesitated a moment. "I hardly know," he said. "I very much want to keep Brewster in sight; yet I always know where to pick him up and I don't know where the Chinaman has his headquarters. I guess we'd better trail the yellow man tonight Tom."

'All right," said the chauffeur. And snapped his lever down. The machine made a quick dart forward.

They were just about at Fortysecond street, blocked by crosstown traffic, and all three of the machines were obliged to stop. The Chinaman's car had drawn abreast of that in which Brewster was, and Tom stopped his machine in a relative position on the other side.

Holbrook, all eyes and ears, saw the Chinaman lean forward, look intently at Brewster and say, in perfect English

"I want to tell you the name on the folds of the snake. I want to tell you also — Follow me!"

A ghastly pallor overspread Brew-ster's face. His lower taw dropped. muscles twitching, and his eyes seem ed to protrude from their sockets. He licked his dry lips and then said faint "I'll follow you

The block broke and the vehicles on the Avenue moved forward again. Before they had fairly start. J. however, a fourth motor-car steamed slowly by the Chinaman's machine. coming almost to a stop. Holbrook, phenomenally keen-sighted, thought he saw in the glare of the arc-light on the street corner something white tossed by the Chinaman into the car which had just come into the game. The chauffeur leaned down and picked something from the floor.

"It might be a note with orders." thought the reporter. "Good Heavens! Has this Chinaman a whole organization at his command? I wish I'd had Sinclair tell me more about this man.' At any rate, whether its occupants had received orders or not, the new ar shot forward; then, somewhat Holbrook's surprise, turned suddenly and came tearing back.

As it came nearer, Holbrook heard a sound of boisterous singing and laughter coming from it, and saw that it was occupied by two young men evening dress, who, from their noisy demonstrations of alcholic enjoyment, seemed to have dined too well. One of the young men was driving the car in a course that swerved and zigzagged murderously. A thought flashed into the reporter's mind, and he hastily spoke to his chauffeur: "Look out for that car, Tom!

an idea they want to disable us. Ah: He had spoken none too soon-Tom had gathered his meaning none too

The next instant the fourth automobile came skidding across the pavement, blundering in their direction Tom. with quick nerve, jerked the wheel round till his car nearly ran up on the sidewalk. Only thus did he avert a collision which must have inevitably have wrecked both ma-

Profuse apologies poured from the lips of the seemingly intoxicated men. Tom rated them soundly and itched for a fight; but Holbrook ordered him to go on in the pursuit of the other cars, which had gained considerably through what Holbrook was sure was a premeditated accident.

They darted along. The fourth car, after uncertain motions, continued on its course down-town.

"They probably don't dare to risk direct attack," said Holbrook, "The pirates!" exclaimed Tom wish I had my big car here, I'd give em a run for their money in the

wrecking game." As they sped along in the wake of the other cars, Holbrook was doing ome anxious thinking.

The Chinaman knew that he was being trailed and would not, in all probability, go directly to his rendezvous. Still, counting upon the cer-tainty that his shadower could not witness the interview, he might do so. So Holbrook resolved to keep up the chase.

It did not last much longer. The Chinaman's car, followed by Brewster's. turned down a side street in the Nineties and stopped before a dark house in the middle of the block. Holbrook checked his car at the corner.

Looking out, he saw the four men alight from their machine. The next minute, the Chinaman and Brewster entered the house together, while the other men returned to their cars, which stayed in front of the house.

"Move along a few feet so the machine won't be in sight from the street, Tom," said Holl-rock. This was done and Holbrook

"Stay here," he said. "I'll have a ser look at that house.

He was moving back toward the corwhen suddenly his name was called. A hansom cab stopped at the curb, and Sinclair jumped out.
"Just the man I want to see," said

Holbrook. "Just the man that I want to see!" exclaimed the Orientalist 'What's in the wind, Helbrook?" he

asked eagerly. 'Our Chinese friend has entered a house down this street with Henry Brewster, the nephew of John B. Clough, the murdered millionaire," said Holbrook. "I am investigating said Holbrook.

that crime, and this is a puzzler." "And do you want to enter that house and see what is going on?" asked Sinclair, peering into Holbrook's

"Oh, but don't I just!" cried Hol-

"All right," said the explorer, turning away: "come with me and I think can take you in. But first-have you a revolver?"

"No, I haven't," said Holbrook Then I'll let you have one. It's a rather dangerous place, my young friend," said the other gravely. "Though it's in the heart of fashionable New York, I know of much safer places in the heart of a fanatic East-

come along, I'll tell you more when we get out of the street." Sinclair dismissed his cab and led the way rapidly along Fifth avenue till they came to the block above the street where the dark house stood. In the middle of the block he turned in a house, opened the door with a latchkey and switched on an electric light. disclosing a long hallway in which were stands of curious Eastern arms, Turkish hangings, and other souvenirs

He led the way to the second floor and into a big room fitted as a library. From this, toward the back of the louse, opened a long gallery, evidently a laboratory, where Sinclair, whose

gations, being much interested, as you are aware, in the occult rituals and folklore of the East. And I have spent money on my hobby, too, and I have my own way for penetrating into Ling Foo's secret shrine.

"The secret shrine!" exclaimed Holbrook. "That is where he is to meet ern city, than this dark house. But the man who spoke to him in the restaurant at midnight." Yes. Perhaps we will be there too,

Now tell me something of your interest in Dr. Ling Foo." "What I say now are merely my own opinions and in strict confidence," said Holbrook. I'm investigating the Clough murder mystery. I suspect Henry Brewster of being the murder-

In some manner, Ling Foo has also come to suspect him; he knows that Brewster's name was painted in microscopically small letters on folds of the snake in that awful picture which was found in Clough's room, cut to thoons. And so, I am

was visible. He eagerly put his eye close to a carefully arranged peep-hole and looked down.

Beyond was a very large room; on the walls were rich yellow dragon-covered draperies, hung with hideous masks and strange scrolis; low couches and brilliant rugs were scattered over the tiled floor. In the center of the room was a shrine-like structure of copper or some red metal, which have statue of black stone, of indescribable design—a monstrous parody of the human body. Dim lights shone through metal lanterns and an odor of exotic incense crept to Holbrook's

nostrils. Almost directly in front of his hidingplace, before the shrine of the hideous idol, stood Dr. Ling Foo and Henry

Holbrook heard Brewster say 'All this is very quaint, Dr. but I did not come here to look over your curiosities. What is your rea

The young clubman's voice was

hoarse with suppressed rage, and

The Chinaman's smooth voice arose

"I realize your impatience, Mr. Brewster, and I must ask your par-

don for my inability to refrain from

you see, Mr. Brewster, my hobby.

But new, as you say, let us get down

He paused. Brewster leaned toward

him, his face pale, his features working. He was evidently laboring under

intense agitation. Holbrook strained

'Well-it is this way, Mr. Brewster,'

it happens, I have what you might

term a very complete detective ser-

vice at my disposal-not that I am a champion of ordinary laws, Mr.

Brewster. Oh, dear me, not at all!

the present-a system of expert trac-

ers of the lives and doings of my pos-

my attention was long ago directed

"Damn you!" cried Browster, flerce

moving toward the Chinaman,

"That will do!" cried the Chinaman

in quite another voice, stern and per-

emptory. "And stop where you are!

He had touched a bell with his finger at the instant of Brewster's

movement, and instantly at least six

or eight men had suddenly and silent-

hangings to disappear again at a

"Let us continue the conversation, said Foo, in his former tone.

Brewster sank down upon a couch and glowered moodily at his tor-

appeared from behind the yellow

sible customers is very useful.

toward you, Mr. Brewster-

See! It would be wise!

gesture from Ling Foo.

'what right-

"But I find that in my line of busi-

ss-which I'll not enlarge upon at

ontinued the Chinaman suavely.

"Well?" asked Brewster

my few poor treasurers. My hol

to business."

his ears.

wasting your time by showing you

mastered the difficulty by joining with these men and, after a very little time, by becoming their real headthus turning to your advantage what had originally been used against you. In plain terms, as I understand it, Mr. Brewster, your position in society allowed you to learn many secrets affecting rich men and women. which you could make ample use of, in a way that would leave you com-

you het. Brewster, and I found your career very interesting. I found that you possessed quite a little organization of your own. I also found that the men you directed had first appeared in your life in the guise of blackmailers consequent upon various little actions of your younger days when you were pressed for money and anxious to continue your own mode of life.

IN WHICH A VOICE FROM THE

GRAVE NAMES GUILTY MAN

"This message is now in poss of a reporter for the Evening Budget, Fhilip Holbrook by name. From him we must secure it. I have already be-"I admired the way in which you gan operations to that end " Holbrook drew a long breath. chought. "He is simply playing with Brewster. The message left by John B. Clough in my possession, indeed. I only was it were." "It was through an agent of mine

paratively safe from implication, "You found out your uncle's secret, for instance, at a time when he was

beginning to suspect something of stands. Surround the whole block; go trated, after a time, most of the mysteries of your life. And you know,

chronic complaint was that ordinary life "bored him to extinction." ried on various singular chemical experiments-during the time he was ot filling i. to overflowing with many strange interests and adventures. Holook used jestingly to tell him that he was a medieval alchemist and exorer, born ten centuries out of his

Sinclair threw off his Inverness ppened a polished gooden case, took rom a cabinet a couple of revolvers and handed one to Holbrook at the same time thrusing another into his own pocket.

Holbrook was all impatience to go. but Sinclair seemed in no hurry. produced some cigarettes and offering one to the reporter, said "Sit down a minute, while we clear

"First let me tell you something of our Chinese friend. He goes by the name of Dr. Ling Foo, but that is only one of a score of his names. I heard of him first in India, where he was concerned in a very neat series of jewel robberies, by which he profited enormously, and from the conseences of which he very cleverly escaped.

"He is a man of wonderful personal attainments and has also perfected a very fine organization of criminals comprising clever scoundrels of many nationalities, whom he absolutely dominates. He has agents in all the olg cities. Head waiters in clubs and restaurants, bell boys in hotels, servants in consulates, humble laundrymen in Chinese laundries, policemen, men in society-he has men and womof all grades of life attached to his

service by one string or another. 'Moreover, he's the head of a fake occult society by means of which he systematically plunders many silly out rich American women who seek for new sensations in out-of-the-way cults; such as mesmerism, magic, and the so-called black art of the East. The house in the next street is the headquarters of this cult.

'Now, while it's a swindle, it also contains many of the most interesting and ancient rituals of the Far East; matters which never before have been revealed outside of the mysterious temples of the Orient. And many of these mysteries are not shown to the ordinary dupes brought into the house in the next street, but are kept for a darker purpose, I believe-that is, for the terrifying of victims, in order to bring them bodily and mentally under the control of Dr. Ling Foo.

"I discovered something of what was on in this house nearly a year ago and resolved to make some investi-

Profuse apologies poured from the lips of the semingly intoxicated men. has to say to Henry Brewster, and

Brewster to Linz Foo Sinclair whistled softly. rose and disappeared into another oom for a moment, and returned with two pairs of felt slippers. Both men donned them, after which the explorer turned out the light and led the way to the gallery.

Going to the wall, he touched a spring and drew back a hinged portion of the paneling. Behind was a small house elevator. drew the reporter and they slowly ank down a long black shaft. Finally the elevator jarred slightly and came to a stop. Holbrook heard the clicking of a spring; felt a draft of heavy air, then, with Sinclair grasping his hands, stepped out into the dark-

By stretching out his hands, the reporter discovered that they were in a narrow passageway. The air was thick and lifeless and the walls and floor slightly moist.

Presently he felt the pressure of Sinclair's hand drawing him into a side passageway; then they ascended a short flight of stairs and came up on shaft barely as wide as a man's body. A ladder, the rungs of which were covered with felt, was fastened Up this they cambed, to the wall. until Sinclair gave a faint signal to stop. Presently he found Sinclair's hand on his shoulder. Holbrook.

straining to listen, heard him whisper: "When you get up three rungs higher, you'll find yourself able to look through a crevice into the room be low, and also able to hear what is said, if the voices are not pitched in too low a key. I shall be at a similar peep-hole higher up. If it is necessary, I have means to permit our entrance into the room, but we will be guided by what is going on. For your life's sake-and mine-make no noise;

Thrilled to the core of his heart, Holok cautiously crept up the ladder, until suddenly a glimmer of dim light

as I know, that he painted your name, Henry Brewster, on the folds of the snake by which he symbolized the soul of crime and evil.

"And I know, as you know, how the will came to be within the sphinxhow the rawhide lariat and the Mexican dagger came within the deathchamber. And ! know, as you know. that though Acton Clough did not murder his uncle, he will go to the

electric chair for that crime. something like fifty millions of dollars will fail to the share of Henry Brewster, my charming companion. I, Mr. Brewster, desire my share of these millions. I know something further

which you do not know-Brewster lifted his head and stared at the Chinaman

"I know, Mr. Brewster, that John B. Clough lived for some considerable time after the Mexican dagger was thrust into his breast, and that although no writing materials were left within his reach-and although he was gagged, the old man left a message for the world in which he de-

'What?' shouted Brewster leaping

That message, bearing the name of his murderer, your uncle left in such a manner that it was found and exists today. It can be brought forward to declare the name of the murderer of

the millionaire." To Holbrook, though not unprepared for them. Brewster's next words came

"And do you mean to intimate that my name is mentioned in that mes-Brewster cried. "That can't

The Chinaman smiled serenely. "I believe I know whose name is mentioned in the message," he said. 'And, Mr. Brewster, no matter whose the name, surely it is clear that if it is not Acton Clough's name, he will be freed, thus depriving you of half your fortune. It is quite plain, therefore is it not, that the message left by your uncle must come into our po and must be destroyed, so that your incle's wealth may descend to you, and, incidentally, in part, to me?"

ster said: "Yes-certainly-if what you say is true-that is the case. How can we

There was a silence and then Brew

get this message? What kind of message was it? What terms do you pro-The Chinaman coolly and audacious-

T want half of your uncle's fortune -say twenty-five millions."

"My attention was directed toward THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE

who is employed in the district attor-ney's office-you see how frank I am, Mr. Brewster-that I learned that this reporter is in possession of the mes-sage," said the Chinaman. "I hardly think that he knows himself that he has it. But an exercise of analytical reasoning might easily reveal the secret to him, and we must take no chances. We shall get that message Then we agree that we are partners in this enterprise?" "Yes," said Brewster, "I see no

Not at all. It is that-or ruin for

Then I must consent. You have the

whip-hand. You must make good,

lowever. Tell me where this message

And Holorook, with utmest amaze-

"So the Chinaman is faking."

ment heard Ling Foo reply:

other way. But, first of all, tell me what this message is."

This was also the great question vibrating in the reporter's brain. He cagerly bent forward to hear the re-The earnest way in which the 'hinaman had last spoken had made Holbrook doubt his opinion of Ling Foo's veracity. He wondered if, after all, the real clue lay in his possession without his knowledge of that fact.

The Chinaman was about to speak when, startingly and abruptly, arrived he Unexpected-the happening which changed the situation in a flash

Bradley Sinclair, changing his pos ure in the darkness, through some mischance, slipped on the ladder and came floundering down on Holbrook's shoulders. The reporter lost his hold and together the two watchers fell their hands and feet striking violently against the partition. By good for tune they did not fall completely owever, but they both managed to regain a hold on the ladder and thus lessen their fall. For a second or so they clung to the rungs, breathless and angry, then above them they heard a commotion, the sounds of excited voices in the secret shrine and thundering of heavy blows against

"Oh, confound the luck!" groanei "It's all up with us now. Sinclair. Holbrook. Let's get out of this as quick as we can-and keep your reolver handy.

They began a hurried descent of the ladder.

Meanwhile, in the secret shrine. dozen men, led by Brewster and Ling Foo, were breaking through the wall with axes and knives and clubs.

At the first sound of the noise within the partition, the Chinaman had learned into frenzied life and motion "Ne've been spied upon!" he cried

to Brewster. "This may mean death and ruin to us both!" He had rung the bell and his followers had thronged into the room

"Down with this partition! There are spies behind it. Some of you-Fortescue, Ah Ling, Leblanc, and Sagerun to the street. Tell Martinelli, who is in my motor-car, how the matter and you know, as I know, to the houses on either side and in the cunning old man guite pene-

you can catch these men. We've got to have them. Then everybody must leave this place and meet at the dock rendezvous. Under the united assaults of Ling

Foo's men, the wall was quickly torn away. A light was flashed into the hole, completely illuminating the shaft and revealing Sinclair and Holbrook who were nearing the bottom

Crash!-A shot-and another-and another! But the two men kept or

Brewster squeezed through the op ing above and Started down the ladder, after him came Ling Foo, who was followed by several of his gang.

In the dark depths of the excava tion, in the passage leading to the elevator, a battle of revolvers was waged. The sulphureus smoke half suffo cated the combutants. The reports crashed like thunder in the narrow space and the flashes came like light ning at night.

Sinclair and the reporter, however reached the elevator ahead of their ursuers, slammed the door of the cage almost in their faces, firing as they did so. As the car rose, the scream of a wounded man rang in their ears. Sinclair ran rapidly through the un stairs gallery, thence through the li-

brary in front and peered through a window. Three men in evening dress came running from Fifth avenue to ward the house. "On with your hat and cloak and

shoes," he panted to Holbrook. The reporter obeyed. "Now for the roof."

Sinclair led the way to the roof and oss the house tops almost to the end of the block. Here he tapped on a scuttle which, after a while, was op ed by a man in the livery of a club servant. "This is the Oriental Club, a very

small and rather exclusive place for men of a certain clique," said Sinclair. They're used to my nocturnal visits from the house-roofs. safe. Let's get a drink and sit down a while. And, do you know, Holbrook, hardly think it would be safe for you to pass this or any night alone in your rooms. You're due to receive a visit from our friend, Ling Foo, or one

of his men."
"That seems probable," said Holbrook. "The consider the situation. But first, if I may use your club telephone, I must call a number or so. Will you pardon me if I leave you for a few minutes?"

The reporter hastened to the tele-phone booth and called up Marcella Vincent, who, when she heard his voice, seemed more than usually glad. (Copyright 1907 by Frank A. Munsey Co.)

(To be Continued Next Sunday.)

July 12, 1908